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MAYOR JONES;

OR,

MY CIGAR.

TOO MUCH TRUTH FOR A NOVEL.

"As antidote against all care,
Give me, ye gods, a good cigar."

BY

AMICUS DECORIS.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY M. W. DODD,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

1846.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by

M. W. DODD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Southern District of New York.

MAYOR JONES; OR, MY CIGAR.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE HENDRICK HUDSON.

"WELL, William, I have thrown away my cigar," said James Carnaham, as he took his seat beside William Devereaux on the promenade deck of the Hendrick Hudson, just then on the point of starting for Albany; "*I have quit the use of tobacco forever.*"

"Indeed! Since man has harnessed the steam and chained the lightning, I ought not to be surprised that some enthusiast has curbed your smoking propensity; but really, James, I should be no more surprised to hear that Vesuvius had gone out, or that they were planting corn in the crater of Etna, or, what is more yet, that you had forsaken your charming Adelaide. This may date a new era in the tobacco reform."

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practice, but had not decision enough to forsake it, and, to tell you the truth," said he, speaking in a lower tone, "I was afraid my Adelaide would forsake me, if I did not quit a practice which I knew was offensive to her."

"You bring strange things to my ears. Pray tell me how all this is."

"I was standing on the steps of the Astor House this morning, conversing with my friend Mr. Packenham, when a gentleman with two beautiful young ladies passed in a splendid carriage, and as the gentleman and my friend gave each other the familiar tokens of recognition, I enquired concerning him."

"'If you have no business that calls for your immediate attention,' said he, 'if you will step into my room I will give you a sketch of his history. Will you go along with us?' said he, turning to two or three other gentlemen.

"After having seated myself by an open window, that I might enjoy my *regalia*, he began. 'As I perceive you are immoderately attached to the cigar,' said he, turning to me, 'I am desirous of showing you how great a matter that little fire of your cigar may kindle.'"

That gentleman, who just passed with his daughters, is the Hon. Mr. Jones, a mayor of one of our eastern cities. About thirty-five years ago, Mr. Jones and five other young men, including myself, were spending an evening together. Some fine cigars were intro-

duced, and I was invited to participate in the pleasure of smoking, but as my observation on the use of tobacco had convinced me that it was not only a useless, but also an expensive and injurious article, and as I had abandoned it myself, I took the liberty of making some remarks on its deleterious properties and influence. When I had concluded, Jones took his cigar from his mouth and threw it into the bright coal fire;—it was the month of January. "There goes my cigar," said he; "good or bad, I never more will use that vile weed. Such have been my convictions respecting it for a considerable length of time that I only needed something to fortify me, in order to break from it forever." The other young gentlemen, Prosper Horton, Artemon Wells, Fronto Saunders and Evander Walch laughed heartily at the decision of Jones, puffed away and said that they were not prepared to cut acquaintance with so good a friend, without the most substantial evidence against it. They did not dispute my word, they said, but they had known many of the most respectable men, who had used it from their youth, and to them it was certainly a great source of innocent enjoyment.

Let us now glance at the history of these men. Two of them are dead and three are still living. You will perceive that tobacco forms an important article in their history, and its use has tended very much to make the difference between them. We were, all of us,

at the time of which I am speaking, about twenty years of age. The circumstances I am about to relate, I am persuaded are not of rare occurrence. The only reason that so many incidents in relation to it are gathered in so small a compass of history, is that I have been an attentive observer of the influence of tobacco upon the bodies and minds of men for a considerable term of years. Whenever the attention of community in general is turned to it, with equal interest, its use will cease to be regarded as beneficial or harmless.

CHAPTER II.

Augustus Jones was the son of respectable but poor parents. His father had been doing a good business and in comfortable circumstances, but unexpected events, utterly beyond his control, had exceedingly reduced him, when Augustus was but a youth. He received such an education as could be obtained at an excellent district school; and, at the age of fourteen was put to a trade. At this early period he was noted for an amiable disposition, untiring industry, and a remarkable promptness in all his decisions and actions. He had just finished his apprenticeship, at the time of which I am speaking, having secured the esteem and affection of the worthy gentleman

with whom he had served his time, and was about commencing business in his own name.

It has often been observed that circumstances make men, but it is equally true that some men make circumstances, and of the two, the latter are the presiding spirits of the age in which they live. They are their own artificers, and impress their spirit and character upon a large circle of the community. They are independent of circumstances, and live, and rise, and exercise an influence above them and in opposition to them. For what they are, they are indebted to no fortuitous and happy event. Like Napoleon, who disdained to receive from the hands of another a crown which his own daring spirit had wrought for himself, these men originate the events which distinguish their times. They give a lustre to events instead of receiving it from them. Under any times they would be distinguished, and work their way to fame and wealth.

The circumstances under which Mr. Jones commenced his course were anything but encouraging. But he was above them. He had a spirit within him which never cowered in difficulty, and could smile at a storm. The increasing infirmities and reduced circumstances of his parents made it necessary that he should assist them, and these demands, thus early upon his enterprise and resources, which would have sunk the spirits and withered the energies of many, gave impulse and

courage to him. To his everlasting honor be it told, that by his untiring industry he maintained them and the younger members of the family in comfortable and respectable circumstances, making them equal sharers with himself in all the blessings which a kind Providence showered in his path, until he attained, they more pleased than he, to his present state of unparalleled prosperity. A few years since, his parents, after long enjoying the affluence, but much more the character and promise of their son, were gathered to the "house appointed for all the living."

After carrying on the business of his trade about five years, Mr. Jones went into the village of A——, and opened a small country store. He was not long in obtaining the confidence and respect of the whole community, and did a moderate but profitable business. After residing here about two years, an incident occurred that ought to be noted. His business had so very considerably increased that he needed and procured the services of a competent clerk. He was a capable and worthy young man, with the exception that he was an inveterate smoker. As soon as Mr. Jones perceived this, he expostulated with him on the evil of the practice, and besought him to lay it aside. But his habit was too firmly established to be broken up by sage advice. Mr. Jones at length said to him, "I do not wish to deprive you of any enjoyment, which can be indulged with safety to you and my-

self. 'Tis but a few weeks since that a young man in the State of Vermont lost his life by the use of a cigar. He went into the basement room of a store, and, in searching for an article, he took off the cover from a keg of powder; supposing it to be onion seed, he took some in his hand, and while examining it, with a cigar in his mouth, it took fire, which communicated to the keg, and the whole mass exploded with a noise like thunder, shattering the building, and blowing the young man to atoms. I shall be sorry to part with you, but I cannot consent to your smoking about these premises." In a few days the young man left him, having procured a situation in the village of B——, about five miles distant. Some weeks afterward, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in the middle of July, a bright light was seen in the direction of B——. The next morning tidings came that the store of Mr. Fondu of B——, was consumed, with nearly all its contents, on neither of which was there any insurance. That afternoon and evening they had been unpacking some goods, and a quantity of straw and paper lay on the floor. It was satisfactorily ascertained that this young clerk had thoughtlessly laid his half-smoked cigar on the back counter, which by some means was brushed on the floor, just before the store was closed, and caused the fire. You perceive, therefore, that in many ways cigars are expensive things.

"It is certain," said Mr. Veritas, one of the

gentlemen present, "that smokers do often unconsciously peril themselves and property. A pedlar of powder told me, a few years since, that he once ascended his wagon with a cigar in his mouth. He felt his blood congeal with fear as the thought of his danger occurred to him. In the wagon, at the time, were about five hundred pounds of powder. The owner of a powder mill in Schaghticoke, a Mr. M——, was accustomed to use the pipe. His son, a highly respectable gentleman, informed me that his father once went into the mill with a pipe in his mouth. As the workmen saw him enter, they silently but rapidly fled, fearing to speak lest he might let his pipe fall, in the trembling occasioned by the perception of his danger. Perceiving the workmen flee, and stand at a distance, he thought of his pipe. Fearfully and cautiously covering the bowl of his pipe with his hand, he withdrew, and, if I remember right, from that moment he resolved to use the pipe no more."

"Such instances of exposure and danger," continued Mr. Packenham, "are frequent, though not frequently noticed."

There is often in the history of an individual a series of events so remarkable as to appear marvellous, and created on purpose for his special pleasure and behoof. They seem adapted to his character, breaking out at short intervals, and all together form a galaxy, making his whole heaven luminous. But while they seem to control the destiny of the man,

and appear like a concatenation of causes necessarily producing happy and prosperous results, it is really only the force of his own character that has inwove them into his history. Other men of less energy and force may pass similar incidents unnoticed, having no such magnetic power as to connect them with themselves.

In the summer of 1823, I visited Mr. Jones. In the neighborhood back of the village where he resided, was a deep ravine pursuing a serpentine course for several miles into the high land, which extended west from the beautiful Hudson. This was a place of frequent resort for strangers from all parts of the country. The scenery was varied, romantic, and beautiful. The ravine itself excited the admiration of all who visited it. It was only about eleven rods wide in some parts, extending for a mile, and then, again, it would branch out into a beautiful meadow, embracing several acres of rich soil, and the walls on either side, for the most part, rose perpendicularly to a height of from thirty to a hundred feet. In the summer it was perfectly dry, but in the spring, and during the heavy rains in the fall, the water pouring into it from a large tract of the country, made it a deep and furious stream, with water sufficient for half the mills of Lowell.

In the afternoon, Mr. Jones and myself took a walk to this place of public resort, to enjoy the cool shade of its high impervious rocks.

We had advanced but a short distance from the entrance before we saw Mr. Muir, a wealthy gentleman of C ——, who, in passing through the village with his daughter, an only child, and two nephews, had stopped for a few hours to visit this romantic spot. When we came in sight of them, which was not far distant from us, for the course of the ravine was so serpentine that in but few spots could you see more than twenty or thirty rods, in any direction, except into the high heavens above, Mr. Muir and his two nephews were studiously examining the geological nature and structure of its precipitous walls. Just at that moment, our attention was arrested by a most angelic voice from above. Unobserved by Mr. Muir or his nephews, Charlotte, his daughter, observing in a spot where the walls stooped, a rough but frequented path which led to the overhanging precipice, had ascended to the highest point, and perching herself upon the very edge of the cliff, held her bonnet by the strings, and waving it to and fro over the ravine, began, in high glee, to sing a challenge to her cousins. Jones, looking up, enraptured at the sight of her beautiful form, her countenance glowing with delight, and her perfectly musical voice, involuntarily exclaimed, at the same time raising and extending his hands, "I see an angel." Charlotte, not observing us, who stood a little below the group upon which her eyes were fixed, and thinking the remark proceeded from one of her cousins, laughingly

answered, in tones which to me indeed sounded the sweetest of any I had ever heard,

> "Oh! I'm no angel. No, not I;
> I'm but a woman true.
> If you've seen spirits from on high,
> Then I've seen less than you."

As she concluded, she cast her eyes upon us, and coloring deeply at the sight of strangers, she stepped back, seeming, in the modest gracefulness of her manner to apologize for intruding upon the attention of any but her familiar friends. At the same moment her cousins hasted to assist her descent. Her form was beautiful; empyreal alabaster could not exceed the purity and clearness of her complexion; she was a little excited by the exercise of ascending the height, and her hair hung in careless but graceful ringlets on her shoulders. Indeed, she appeared like one descended from a higher and purer region.

Jones was smitten; an arrow was lodged in his heart; a new sense seemed to be opened, and he felt pleased and pained at the peculiar sensation her presence had inspired. He stood for ten minutes as if nailed to the spot, alternately looking up to the point where she had stood, and then following with his eye every path by which she might descend. The moment she came in sight, a little distance higher up the ravine, a boy came from the store, saying that a gentleman was wishing to see Mr. Jones immediately. Reluctantly he left the

spot, every ten rods pausing and looking back. Then, after passing along a few minutes in dead silence, he would say, "Packenham, did you ever see so beautiful a creature?" He enquired respecting the character and reputation of Mr. Muir, and, on learning his wealth and standing, he modestly rebuked down every rising hope.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." We often effect what we did not design by our labors. In our journeyings and transaction of business, we often fall upon scenes, and form relations which we had not anticipated, and we find ourselves encompassed with difficulties by unexpected means, or those which have existed disappear like the mists of the morning. Notwithstanding the active agency of man in working out his own destiny, the observation of every day may, to an intelligent and observing mind, illustrate and impress the ancient proverb, "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

In the fall of 1824, Mr. Jones had occasion to pass through the village of D—— on business, where he stopped for the night. About midnight, the cry of fire awoke him. Looking from his chamber window, he saw that it was the public-house nearly opposite. He hastily dressed himself, and on arriving at the spot, he saw a gentleman, without hat or coat, wringing his hands in perfect agony, and offering any sum of money, to any one who

would save his daughter, his own temporary lameness rendering it impossible for him to make the attempt. The room was pointed out, which was directly over one into which the fire had just burst below, and there was no access to it but by ascending the stairs, then turning and retracing half the length of the hall; at the same time it could be perceived that the flames were just ready to envelop the staircase, and render her deliverance impossible. There was no time to be lost, and no one dared to venture. On learning her exact position and the doors to be passed before arriving at her's, Mr. Jones rushed into the dense smoke, and in an instant he was at her chamber door, which he found closed. She had hastily dressed herself, and in trying to open the door, had swooned and sunk down by it. Mr. Jones suspected this, on perceiving the resistance of some yielding substance in opening the door, and he therefore used all the care which the urgency of the case would admit. The peril and importance of his undertaking having given him unwonted strength, he took her in his arms, like a child, and in an incredibly short space of time he had descended the stairs. The moment he passed out of the door, the fire drove through the partition, and the hall was one sheet of flame. The agonized father, half delirious with commingled fear and hope, clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, "O, my Charlotte, everlasting thanks to a kind Providence for your deliverance!"

On perceiving that she was unconscious, it excited such another emotion of fear, as almost to overpower him. She was conveyed to a family of great worth and kindness, a little distant, where, under the hands of a skillful physician, she was soon restored to consciousness and health.

This fire, which occasioned the destruction of considerable property, and which came near destroying a valuable life, and blasting the joys, and bringing down the gray hairs of a fond father with sorrow to the grave, was caused by throwing a bit of a lighted cigar into a wooden receptacle of the filthy salivations of tobacco consumers, filled with sawdust.

It is strange that we often find our greatest blessings when we least look for them. What is death to one, is life to another. The tempest which foams the ocean to feathers, and dashes the stately ship to atoms, and buries nearly all her passengers and crew in the "deep, deep sea," brings two ardent lovers together, or throws a long-lost child into the arms of a distressed and affectionate parent, and the actual result of the tempest is, perhaps, the saving of ten times the amount of property and life that was destroyed. What we first esteem as the greatest calamity, is often actually the greatest mercy. This is so frequently the case, that were we to look only at the final result of events, and call things by their names, we should call things adverse, by the names

by which we designate things pleasing and prosperous. The dark tempest would be called a beautiful sunshine and bland breeze, and the refreshing, cool zephyr of summer a lowering tempest and dashing thunder-storm; sickness would be designated as health, and health as sickness; death as life, and life as death. Providence loves to surprise us. The highest mount of danger, is the very point on which first lights the sun's beams.

Judge of the surprise of Mr. Jones, when he called the next morning, to find that the young lady whom, at such hazard, he had saved from imminent death, was the "angel" which he had seen perched upon the cliff overhanging the ravine in the rear of his own village. On being informed that he was her deliverer, her eyes sparkled amid tears, and she looked more gratitude than tongue can express. His image was daguerreotyped upon her vision. There was a mutual affinity which both felt, and blushed lest their hearts should speak unbidden. Jones sought retirement until the rush of his emotions had subsided, and he could command his feelings.

Mr. Muir said to him, when he had again called to take leave, "Sir, I cannot sufficiently reward you for your fearless courage and disinterested kindness. You have saved a life dearer to me than my own. I shall ever feel a gratitude beyond the power of utterance. Will you do me the kindness to accept of this feeble expression of it?" handing him a check

for three thousand dollars. Mr. Jones very courteously but absolutely refused, saying that he was already more than paid for what he had done. After Mr. Muir had obtained a promise from Mr. Jones to make him an early visit, they parted.

The business of Mr. Muir, which had often called him to Montreal, was now closed, and he was returning, by slow and easy stages, for the pleasure and benefit of his daughter, as he thought it not probable that he should very soon, if ever, pass through that part of the country again.

Mr. Jones redeemed his promise to make an early visit to the house of Mr. Muir. Often afterwards was he seen on his way to the city of which he is now mayor, and always was he cordially welcomed by Mr. Muir, who was not slow in perceiving that Charlotte felt more than grateful to her deliverer. On an acquaintance with Mr. Jones, and on learning his character and standing in the community where he was intimately known, the disparity in circumstances formed no objection in the mind of Mr. Muir to the consummation of a union evidently designed in the providence of God. It should have been stated that the excellent and amiable wife of Mr. Muir died about four years previous to Charlotte's escape from the fire.

In the spring of 1825, amid a splendid party of the first people of the city and country, the union of two hearts which had long

been wedded, was publicly ratified and sealed. Often has Mr. Jones remarked to me, that he received in Charlotte a treasure worth ten times the fortune of her father. Soon after his marriage, at the earnest solicitation of his father-in-law, he removed to the city and went into business with him. Mr. Muir died in the fall of 1840, leaving an estate to Mr. Jones of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, after bequeathing a considerable sum to friends and benevolent objects. Mr. Jones has ever been prosperous, and he always insists that the corner-stone of his glory was laid, when he threw his cigar in the fire in 1811, and formed the undying purpose never more to use tobacco. But for that he might now have been poor, if not penniless. This will be explained in the sequel.

CHAPTER III.

Prosper Horton was the youngest of four sons of respectable parents, in affluent circumstances. His father made him a clerk in his store when he was quite a youth, and he was regarded by all who knew him as a respectable, promising young man. His father died in 1815, leaving to each of his sons property to the amount of about five thousand dollars. Prosper very early became an inveterate user

of tobacco, chewing all the time, and smoking nearly all, and occasionally snuffing. He had sufficient means and ability to do a prosperous business, but his excessive use of tobacco occasioned a lassitude, and indisposition for the industry and toil essential to a marked prosperity. He was a large, well-built man, and, but for the use of tobacco, he had a constitution which would carry him beyond the frosts of threescore years and ten. At the early age of twenty-four, he became very dyspeptic; life was, to him, bereft of every enjoyment, and his strong frame seemed to be bending towards a premature grave. His physician advised him, as the best means of recovering his health, to take a voyage to sea. If, instead of this, he had advised and persuaded him to quit the use of tobacco, he might have been a well and prosperous man. Tobacco was the primary cause of his ill health, and its continual use the only thing that rendered a voyage to sea necessary, and it was therefore the direct cause of his death. He sailed on a whaling voyage in the Neville Beaufort, in the spring of 1817.

"Captain Scoresby," said Mr. Packenham, "as you are acquainted with that business, will you furnish us with a brief account of the manner in which those giants of the deep are taken. It may serve to explain the manner of my friend's death?"

"That I will do, gentlemen, with pleasure," said he, "if you can consent to turn your

thoughts, for a few moments, from the interesting narrative of our friend Mr. Packenham.

"On fishing stations, when the weather is such as to render the fishing practicable, the boats are always ready for instant service. Suspended from davits or cranes by the side of the ship, furnished with the requisite implements, two boats at least, the crews of which are always in readiness, can, in a general way, be manned and lowered into the water, within the space of a minute of time.

"Whenever there is a probability of seeing whales, when the weather and situation are such as to present a possibility of capturing them, the *crow's-nest*, as it is called, i. e. a station at the mast-head, is generally occupied by the master or some of the officers, who, commanding from thence an extensive prospect of the surrounding sea, keeps, with the assistance of a telescope, an anxious watch for the appearance of a whale. The moment that a fish is seen he gives notice to the watch upon deck, part of whom leap into a boat, are lowered down and push off to the place. If the fish be large, a second boat is immediately dispatched to the support of the other. When the whale again appears—for if he has gone down he must soon come up again to breathe—two boats row towards it with the utmost speed; and, though they may be disappointed in their attempts, they generally continue the pursuit until the fish either takes the alarm

and escapes them, or they are recalled by signal to the ship. When two or more fish appear at the same time, in different situations, the number of boats sent in pursuit is increased, and sometimes all the boats are sent out. During fine weather, in situations where whales are seen, or where they have recently been seen, or where there is a great probability of any making their appearance, a boat is generally kept in readiness, manned and afloat. If the ship sails with considerable velocity, this boat is towed by a rope astern; but when the ship is pretty still, whether moored to ice, laid to, or sailing in light winds, the 'bran boat,' as it is called, often pushes off to a little distance from the ship. A boat watch commonly lies still in some eligible situation, with all its oars elevated out of the water, but in readiness, in the hands of the rowers, for immediate use.

"The harpooner and boat-steerer keep a careful watch on all sides, while each of the rowers looks out in the direction of his oar. Thus the whole horizon is under close observation. In fishing near fields of ice, the boats approach the ice with their sterns, and are each of them fastened to it by means of a boat-hook, or an iron spike with a cord attached, either of which is held by the boat-steerer, and is slipped or withdrawn the moment a whale appears. There are several rules observed in approaching a whale, as precautions to prevent as far as possible, the animal from taking the alarm.

"As the whale is dull of hearing, but quick of sight, the boat steerer always endeavors to to get behind it, and in accomplishing this, he is sometimes justified in taking a circuitous route. In calm weather the greatest caution is necessary, before a whale can be reached; smooth careful rowing is always requisite, and sometimes sculling is practised.

"A whale seldom abides longer on the water than two minutes, and it generally remains from five to ten or fifteen minutes under water. During this interval it sometimes moves through a space of half a mile or more, and the fisher very rarely has any certain intimation of the place in which it will reappear. Consequently, the difficulty and address requisite to approach sufficiently near, during its short stay on the surface, to harpoon it, is very great.

"It is therefore a primary consideration with the harpooner, always to place his boat as near as possible to the spot in which he expects the fish to rise, and he conceives himself successful in the attempt, when the fish 'comes up *within a start*,' that is, within the distance of about two hundred yards.

"In all cases when a whale that is pursued has but once been seen, the fisher is considerably indebted to what is called chance, for a favorable position. But when the whale has been twice seen, and its change of place, if any, noticed, the harpooner makes the best use of the intimation derived from his observa-

tion on its apparent motion, and places his boat accordingly. Thus he anticipates the fish in its progress, so that when it rises to the surface, there is a probability of its being within the favorable precincts of a start. A whale moving forward at a small distance beneath the surface of the sea, leaves a sure indication of its situation, in what is called an 'eddy,' having somewhat the resemblance of the 'wake,' or track of a ship; and in fine, calm weather, its change of position is sometimes pointed out by the birds, many of which closely follow it when at the surface, and hover over it when below, whose keener vision can discover it when it is totally concealed from human eyes. By these indications many whales have been taken.

"Whenever a whale lies on the surface of the water, unconscious of the approach of its enemies, the hardy fisher rows directly upon it, and an instant before the boat touches it, buries his harpoon in its back. But if, while the boat is yet a little distance, the whale should indicate his intention of diving, by lifting his head above the common level, and then plunging it under water, and raising his body until it appear like the large segment of a sphere, the harpoon is thrown from the hand, or fired from a gun, the former of which, when skilfully practised, is efficient at the distance of eight or ten yards, and the latter at the distance of thirty yards or upwards. The wounded whale, in the surprise and agony of

the moment, makes a convulsive effort to escape. Then is the moment of danger. The boat is subjected to the most violent blows from its head, or its fins, but particularly from its ponderous tail, which sometimes sweeps the air with such tremendous fury, that both boat and men are exposed to one common destruction.

"The head of the whale is avoided because it cannot be penetrated with the harpoon; but any part of the body between the head and the tail, will admit of the full length of the instrument without danger or obstruction. The harpoon, therefore, is always struck into the back, and generally well forwards towards the fins, thus affording the chance when it happens to drag and plough along the back, of retaining its hold during a longer time, than when struck in closer to the tail.

"The moment that the wounded whale disappears or leaves the boat, a jack or flag, elevated on a staff, is displayed, on sight of which those on watch in the ship give the alarm, by stamping on the deck, accompanied by a simultaneous and continued shout of 'a fall.' At the sound of this, the sleeping crew are roused, jump from their beds, rush upon deck, with their clothes, tied by a string, in their hands, and crowd into the boats, with a temperature at zero. Should 'a fall' occur, the crew would appear upon deck, shielded only by their drawers, stockings and shirts, or other habiliments in which they sleep. They

generally contrive to dress themselves, in part at least, as the boats are lowered down; but sometimes they push off in the state in which they rise from their beds, row away towards the 'fast boat,' that is, the boat attached by its harpoon and line to the whale, and have no opportunity to clothe themselves for a length of time afterwards. The alarm of 'a fall,' has a singular effect on the feelings of a sleeping person unaccustomed to the whale-fishing business. It has often been mistaken for a cry of distress. A landsman, in a Hull ship, seeing the crew, on the occasion of a fall, rush upon deck, with their clothes in their hands, when there was no appearance of danger, thought the men were all mad; but with another individual the effect was totally different. Alarmed at the extraordinary noise, and still more so when he reached the deck, with the appearance of all the crew seated in the boats in their shirts, he imagined the ship was sinking. He, therefore, endeavored to get into one himself, but every one of them being fully manned, he was always repulsed. After several fruitless endeavors to gain a place among his comrades, he cried out, with feelings of evident distress, 'What shall I do? Will none of you take me in?'

"The first effort of a 'fast fish,' or whale that has been struck, is to escape from the boat by sinking under water. After this, it pursues its course directly downward, or reappears at a little distance, and swims with

great celerity, near the surface of the water, towards any neighboring ice, among which it may attain an imaginary shelter, or it returns instantly to the surface, and gives evidence of its agony, by the most convulsive throes, in which its fins and tail are alternately displayed in the air, and dashed into the water with tremendous violence. The former behavior, however, that is, to dive towards the bottom of the sea, is so frequent in comparison of any other, that it may be considered as the general conduct of a 'fast fish.'

"A whale struck near the edge of any large sheet of ice, and passing underneath it, will sometimes run the whole of the lines out of the boat, in the space of eight or ten minutes of time. This being the case, when the fast boat is at a distance both from the ship and from any other boat, it frequently happens that the lines are all withdrawn before assistance arrives, and, with the fish, entirely lost. In some cases, however, they are recovered. To retard, therefore, as much as possible, the flight of the whale, it is usual for the harpooner, who strikes it, to cast one, two, or more turns of line round a kind of post, called a ballard, which is fixed within ten or twelve inches of the stern of the boat, for the purpose. Such is the friction of the line when running round the ballard, that it frequently envelops the harpooner in smoke; and if the wood were not repeatedly wetted, would probably set fire to the boat. During the capture of one whale,

a groove is sometimes cut in the ballard, near an inch in depth; and, were it not for a plate of brass or iron, or a block of lignum vitæ, which covers the top of the stern, where the line passes over, it is apprehended that the action of the line on the material of the boat, would cut it down to the water's edge, in the course of one season of successful fishing. The approaching distress of a boat, for want of line, is indicated by the elevation of an oar, in the way of a mast, to which is added a second, a third, or even a fourth, in proportion to the nature of the exigence. The utmost care and attention are requisite on the part of every person in the boat, when the lines are running out, fatal consequences having been sometimes produced by the most trifling neglect. When the line happens 'to run foul,' and cannot be cleared on the instant, it sometimes draws the boat under water, on which, if no auxiliary boat, or convenient piece of ice, be at hand, the crew are plunged into the sea, and are obliged to trust to the buoyancy of their oars, or to their skill in swimming, for supporting themselves on the surface. To provide against such an accident, as well as to be ready to furnish an additional supply of lines, it is usual, when boats are sent in pursuit, for two to go out in company, and when a whale has been struck, for the first assisting boat which approaches, to join the fast boat, and to stay by it until the fish reappears. The other boats, likewise, make towards the

one carrying a flag, and surround it at various distances, awaiting the appearance of the wounded whale.

"On my first voyage to the whale fishery, such an accident as above alluded to, occurred. A thousand fathoms of line were already out, and the fast boat was forcibly pressed against the side of a piece of ice. The harpooner, in his anxiety to retard the flight of the whale, applied too many turns of the line round the ballard, which, getting entangled, drew the boat beneath the ice. Another boat providentially was at hand, into which the crew, including myself, who happened to be present, had just time to escape.

"The whale, with near two miles' length of line, was in consequence of the accident lost, but the boat was recovered. On a subsequent occasion I underwent a similar misadventure, but with a happier result; we escaped with a little wetting into an accompanying boat, and the whale was afterward captured, and the boat with its lines recovered.

"When fish have been struck by myself, I have on different occasions estimated their rate of descent. For the first three hundred fathoms, the average velocity was usually after the rate of eight to ten miles per hour. In one instance the third line of one hundred and twenty fathoms was run out in sixty-one seconds; that is, at the rate of eight and one-sixth English miles, or seven and one-eighth nautical miles per hour. By the motions of

the fast boat, the simultaneous movements of the whale are estimated. The auxiliary boats accordingly, take their stations about the situation where the whale from these motions may reasonably be expected to appear.

"The average stay under water, of a wounded whale, which steadily descends after being struck, according to the most usual conduct of the animal, is about thirty minutes. The longest I ever observed, fifty six minutes: but in shallow water, I have been informed, it has sometimes been known to remain an hour and a half at the bottom after being struck, and yet has returned to the surface alive. The greater the velocity, the more considerable the distance to which it descends, and the longer time it remains under water, so much greater in proportion is the extent of its exhaustion, and the consequent facility of accomplishing its capture. Immediately on its reappearing, the assisting boats make for the place with their utmost speed, and as they reach it, each harpooner plunges his harpoon into its back, to the amount of three, four or more, according to the size of the whale, and the nature of the situation. Most frequently, however, it descends for a few minutes after receiving the second harpoon, and obliges the other boats to await its return to the surface, before any other attack can he made. It is afterwards actively plied with lances, which are thrust into its body, aiming at its vitals. At length, when exhausted by numerous wounds and loss of

blood, which flows from the huge animal in copious streams, it indicates the approach of its dissolution, by discharging from its 'blow-holes', a mixture of blood along with the air and mucus which it usually expires, and finally jets of blood alone. The sea to a great extent around is dyed with its blood, and the ice, boats, and men, are sometimes drenched with the same. Its track is likewise marked by a broad pellicle of oil, which exudes from its wounds, and appears on the surface of the sea.

"Its final capture is sometimes preceded by a convulsive struggle, in which its tail, reared, whirled, and violently jerked in the air, resounds to the distance of miles. In dying, it turns on its back, or on its side, which joyful circumstance is announced by the capturers with the striking of their flags, accompanied by three lively huzzas!

"The remarkable exhaustion observed on the first appearance of a wounded whale at the surface after a descent of 700 or 800 fathoms perpendicular, does not depend on the nature of the wound it has received, for a hundred superficial wounds received from harpoons, could not have the effect of a single lance penetrating the vitals, but is the effect of the almost incredible pressure to which the animal must have been exposed. The surface of the body of a large whale, may be considered as comprising an area of 1540 square feet. This, under the common weight of the atmosphere only, must

sustain a pressure of 3,104,640 pounds, or 1386 tons. But at the depth of 800 fathoms, where there is a column of water equal in weight to 154 atmospheres, the pressure on the animal must be equal to 211,200 tons. This is a degree of pressure of which we can have but an imperfect conception. It may assist our comprehension, however, to be informed, that it exceeds in weight, sixty of the largest ships of the British navy when manned, provisioned, and fitted for a six months' cruise.

"Every boat fast to a living whale carries a flag, and the ships to which such boats belong, also wears a flag, until the whale is either killed or makes its escape. These signals serve to indicate to surrounding ships the exclusive title of the 'fast-ship' to the entangled whale, and to prevent their interference, excepting in the way of assistance, in the capture. A very natural enquiry connected with this subject, is, the length of time requisite for capturing a whale? This is a question which can only be answered indirectly; for I have myself witnessed the capture of a large whale, which has been effected in twenty eight minutes: and have also been engaged with another fish which was lost, after it had been entangled sixteen hours. Instances are well authenticated, in which whales have yielded their lives to the lances of active fishers, within the space of *fifteen minutes* from the time of being struck, and in cases where fish have been shot with a harpoon gun, in a still shorter pe-

riod; while other instances are equally familiar and certain, wherein a whale having gained the shelter of a pack, or compact patch of ice, has sustained or avoided every attack upon it, during the space of forty or fifty hours. Some whales have been captured when slightly entangled with a single harpoon, while others have disengaged themselves, though severely wounded with lances, by a single act of violent and convulsive distortion of the body, or tremendous shake of the tail, from four or more harpoons; in which act some of the lines have been broken with apparent ease, and the harpoons to which other lines were attached, either broken or torn out of the body of the vigorous animal. Generally the speedy capture of a whale depends on the activity of the harpooners, the favorableness of situation and weather, and in no inconsiderable degree on the peculiar conduct of the whale attacked. Under the most favorable circumstances, namely, when the fishermen are very active, the ice very open, or the sea free from ice and the weather fine,—the average length of time occupied in the capture of a whale, may be stated as not exceeding an hour. The general average, including all sizes of fish, and all circumstances of capture, may probably be two or three hours.

"The method practised in the capture of whales, under favorable circumstances, is very uniform with all the fishers of every nation. The only difference observable in the proceed-

ings of the different fishers, consisting in the degree of activity and resolution displayed, in pursuance of the operations of harpooning and lancing the whale, and in the address manifested in improving by any accidental movement of the fish, which may lay it open to an effectual attack,—rather than in any thing different or superior in the general method of conducting the fishery. It is true that with some the harpoon-gun is much valued, and used with advantage, while with others, it is held in prejudiced aversion; yet as this difference of opinion affects only the first attack, and entanglement of the whale, the subsequent proceedings of all the fishers, may still be said to be founded on equal and unanimous principles.

"The ease with which some whales are subdued, and the slightness of the entanglement by which they are taken, is truly surprising: but with others it is equally astonishing, that neither line nor harpoon, nor any number of each, is sufficiently strong to effect their capture. Many instances have occurred where whales have escaped from four, five, or even more harpoons, while fish, equally large, have been killed through the medium of a single harpoon. Indeed, whales have been taken in consequence of the entanglement of a line, without any harpoon at all; though when such a case has occurred, it has evidently been the result of accident. The following instances are in point.

"A whale was struck from one of the boats of the ship Nautilus in Davis's Straits. It was killed, and as is usual after the capture, it was disentangled of the line connected with the 'fast-boat,' by dividing it within eight or nine yards of the harpoon. The crew of the boat from which the fish was first struck, in the mean time were employed in heaving in their lines, by means of a crank fixed in the boat for that purpose, which they progressively effected for some time. On a sudden, however, to their great astonishment, the lines were pulled away from them, with the same force and violence, as by a whale when first struck.

"They repeated their signal indicative of a whale being struck; their shipmates flocked towards them, and while every one expressed a similar degree of astonishment with themselves, they all agreed that a fish was fast to the line. In a few minutes they were agreeably confirmed in their opinion, and relieved from suspense, by the rising of a large whale close by them, exhausted with fatigue and having every appearance of a fast fish. It permitted itself to be struck by several harpoons at once and was speedily killed. On examining it after death, to discover the cause of such an interesting accident, they found the line belonging to the before mentioned boat, in its mouth, where it was still firmly fixed by the compression of its lips. The occasion of this happy and puzzling accident was therefore solved;—the end of the line, after being

cut from the whale first killed, was in the act of sinking in the water; the fish in question, engaged in feeding, was advancing with its mouth wide open, and accidentally caught the line between its extended jaws;—a sensation so utterly unusual as that produced by the line, which was the cause of this alarm, had induced it to shut its mouth and grasp the line so firmly between its lips as to produce the effect just stated. This circumstance took place many years ago; a similar one occurred in the year 1814.

"A harpooner, belonging to the Prince of Brazil, of Hull, had struck a small fish. It descended and remained for some time quiet, and at length appeared to be drowned. The strain on the line being then considerable, it was taken to the ship with a view of heaving the fish up. The force requisite for performing this operation was extremely various; sometimes the line came in with ease, at others, a great quantity was withdrawn with great force and rapidity. It appeared evident therefore that the fish was yet alive. The heaving however was persisted in, and after the greater part of the lines had been drawn on board, a dead fish appeared at the surface, secured by several turns of the line round its body. It was disentangled with difficulty, and was confidently believed to be the whale they had struck. But when the line was cleared from the fish it proved to be merely the 'bight,' for the end still hung perpendicularly down-

ward. What was then their surprise to find that it was still pulled away with considerable force. The capstan was again resorted to, and shortly afterwards, they hove up, also dead, the fish originally struck, with the harpoon still fast. Hence it appeared that the fish first drawn up, had got accidentally entangled with the line, and in its struggles to escape had still further involved itself, by winding the line repeatedly round its body. The first fish entangled as was suspected had long been dead, and it was this lucky interloper, that occasioned the jerks and other singular effects observed on the line.

"Perhaps I may be wearying your patience by this lengthy account. There are many other circumstances connected with extraordinary cases of subduing these monsters, by man's inferior power, which it might be interesting to mention. I do not know that whaling voyages are ordinarily more perilous than other voyages to sea. A boat is sometimes lost by being drawn out of sight of the ship, and out of hearing of a cannon, by a 'fast whale' in cloudy weather, and sometimes a boat is broken, and the crew, or some of them, killed by a blow from the tail of a whale. Sometimes the rope gets entangled, and the whale in his descent draws the boat under, and some are drowned."

Mr. Packenham resumed. Mr. Horton's health had very much improved by the voyage, but especially by his abandoning the use of

tobacco, which he did for several months before his death. A boat, in which was Mr. Horton, started in pursuit of a whale, in high spirits, on a fine clear morning. He insisted on throwing the harpoon, which he did with tremendous force and accuracy. In the whale's descent, the rope caught, by some means, around Mr. Horton, and, quick as thought, he was drawn to an immense depth in the ocean, and never more was seen. Thus suddenly terminated a life which might have been a blessing to the world.

In looking for the reason of the prosperity or adversity, the sickness or death of an individual, we must often go far back of the proximate cause. The proximate cause would never exist of itself, in a given case; it is the effect of a primary cause far remote. To ascertain the cause of one's death, we should enquire the cause of the disease or event which produced it. It is in this way alone, which is according to the approved system of philosophy, that we can estimate the amount of evil produced by alcoholic drinks; and if this mode of enquiry be instituted in relation to tobacco, we shall be appalled at the astounding results. It is thus, indirectly, according to the usual mode of speaking; but, philosophically speaking, directly the cause of the death of thousands every year. In the case of Mr. Horton, had he not used it he might have continued at home, healthy and prosperous. His excessive use of tobacco impaired his health, and ren-

dered the voyage, which proved so fatal, necessary.

CHAPTER IV.

If we judge according to the appearance, we shall err egregiously respecting the talents and prospects of men. There was no poetry in the crooked form of Pope, and no such "fine phrenzy" was seen rolling in Milton's eye as indicated a power "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Who would have judged from the early stammering of Demosthenes, a latent power which would one day break forth and sway hearts, as trees are moved by a tempest; and who would have judged, from the comparatively diminutive form of Napoleon, bending ungracefully in his saddle, that he was a lightning bolt which would dash unharmed through serried hosts of glittering steel? On the contrary, men of imposing form and brilliant appearance, are often stupid, cowardly and unenterprising, and live and die without bringing any thing to pass. The cause of this difference in men, if sought for, will be found most generally in their early training and cherished habits.

A man naturally more interesting and noble, is seldom seen, than Artemon Wells. He was very little above the ordinary size, well

formed, rather a spare habit, mild but piercing eye, and graceful, though rapid in his movements. His father died when Artemon was twenty-two, leaving him a property of from eight to ten thousand dollars. No man could desire a finer prospect than he had for the accumulation of wealth, honor, and happiness. He was well educated, and possessed of ability to excel in any department of business to which he might turn his thoughts and purpose. A nobler heart never beat in human bosom. He was generous and benevolent to a fault. All who knew him in his youth predicted his future greatness. He was, indeed, formed and trained to be great, with one melancholy exception. No one who knew him, as I did, and who also knows, as I do, the properties and influence of tobacco, can doubt that, but for that base, deceitful weed, he would have run a prosperous and useful career.

At an early period he became an inveterate smoker, and at length took also to chewing. Having completed his studies, he was admitted to practice as an attorney, but never made any figure. His health very soon began to fail, his spirits became depressed, and it was only by an effort that he could rouse sufficient energy to attend to the business of his office at all. He was ever resorting to his cigars to raise his spirits, which, as soon as their immediate influence passed off, sunk them still lower.

He formed a very ardent attachment to a most interesting and intelligent young lady, of one of the first families in the city of E——. Mr. Cosner was not merely a man of wealth, he was a man of very great original endowment, and of very considerable mental improvement and moral worth. Iseula, his daughter, was a young lady of cultivated mind, a pure heart, and moral principles; not merely the result of education, but equally the fruit of her own close and careful investigation. A more devoted friend to the cause of temperance cannot be found among all the fair ones who have, from time to time, given lustre and efficiency to its onward movements. She was always happy and active, when she was laboring with her pen or her needle to promote its interests. She fully appreciated the good qualities of Mr. Wells, and sincerely lamented his incorrigible habits of smoking and chewing. She was aware of his devoted attachment to her, and though she could not cordially reciprocate it, she said nothing, for a time, absolutely discouraging. She was every day in hopes that his knowledge of her feelings in relation to the practice of using tobacco would induce him to quit it. But her hope was vain. He would have plucked out his eyes, and have given them to her; he would have done any thing at her bidding, within the range of human daring; but he was as really and fatally the slave to his tobacco as ever an inebriate was to his cups.

As they were walking together one day, to the house of a friend, they passed a tobacco manufactory. A company of youths stood looking at a new sign, which had just been fixed in its place, on which was pictured a most ludicrous group of old men and women; some smoking; others chewing, with the filthy saliva issuing from the corners of their mouths, and others snuffing, with their features distorted into most ridiculous shapes. "James," said one of the boys, "tobacco dealers are certainly more honest men than rum-sellers. I have often heard it remarked that rum-sellers ought to put upon their signs weeping widows, and ragged orphans, and bloated, loathsome victims of their traffic, but they never do. But, surely," (pointing to the tobacconist's sign,) "that sign is a beacon. It says pretty clearly, whoever cares for decency, or for preserving the face of a man, keep off."

Wells colored, and remarked, "there is some truth in that. I have often thought that their's is a forbidding way to win."

Proceeding onward, they passed several gentlemen, standing on the piazza of a public-house, pouring forth volumes of smoke. A little in advance of them stood two young chimney-sweeps, and at the moment of their passing, one of them placed his hand on the shoulder of the other, pulling him partly around, and turning his white eyes archly towards the gentlemen smoking, and convulsed with laughter at the thought of his wit

"Pomp," said he, "I guess as how dem chimneys want sweep'n 'fore long." "Yes," said the other; "I guess Massa Dentis get de job, and he make 'em pay for foul'n de chimney."

"Well," said Artemon, forcing a smile, "it seems as if every dog was barking upon tobacco to-day."

And, as if a general conspiracy had been entered into to mortify him, and compel him to relinquish his cherished habit, just before they arrived at the house of the friend whither they were going, two intimates of Mr. Wells met them. One said to him, in a low voice, not intending that Iseula should hear, for she was turned a little round, and conversing at the time with the other, "Artemon, you are getting to be very fond of jewelry," pointing to several drops of tobacco-juice on the bosom of his shirt, and one small hole burnt by the fire of his cigar. Wells blushed as he saw them, for he had not observed them before, and, hoping in part to conceal them, he buttoned his vest a little higher.

Iseula had already noticed them, and she heard the remark of his friend, and saw his effort to conceal them. She was silent, but felt a rising hope that these mortifying circumstances would induce him to quit the offensive habit.

When one has a fractured or sore limb, it seems to the sufferer as if every creature was aiming a blow at it. So also when one is afflicted with the sense of having committed an impropriety, or of having indulged a vicious

habit, it often seems to him as if the very beasts were thinking of it and administering reproof.

While seated in Mr. Joy's parlor, by the window, which looked into the yard, Charles and Frank, the two oldest boys, as they were passing Sambo, an intelligent and shining-looking negro, gave him a gentle slap on the cheek, saying, "Spit that out, you dirty beast," meaning his tobacco, for he had just poured forth a torrent of black juice. Sambo raised his arm, as if to strike. "Don't be huffy at us," said they. Sambo, standing with his arms raised for a moment, the half vexed expression of his countenance was turned to a quivering of the corner of his mouth, and an incipient smile. "I am clean beast," said Sambo; "de parson said todder day, dat clean beast chewed de cud and divide de huff. Now I chew de cud," raising his lip and showing his enormous quid, "and I'll divide de huff (hoof) wid you; one togedder or two at a time, if you dissult me any more. I no set my head afire, nor make a furnace of my mouth, wid cigars, like you do;" then, with a satisfied air, he turned to dusting the carriage.

Mr. Wells felt reproved and mortified at everything that was said on the subject of tobacco, and the more so, as he knew Iseula's feelings, and felt that he was polluted with the habit of using it. He felt as if he had experienced mortification enough for one day. Looking at his watch, and recollecting some

business that required his attention, he rose to depart. Leaving Iseula at the door of her father's house, he hasted to his office, saying to himself, "I must and will quit the filthy, mortifying habit of using tobacco." For four months he put none to his lips, and Iseula was delighted with the prospect of an entire and permanent reform. But they were four months of torture to Wells, though his health and spirits rapidly and wonderfully improved. Tobacco had marked him for a victim.

"What has clouded your sunny brow, to-day?" said Mr. Cosna to Iseula, as she entered the parlor.

"I have just seen a cloud of smoke issuing from the mouth of Mr. Wells, as he passed on the opposite side of the street, with another gentleman; but I was not aware that it had left its shadow on my brow," said Iseula.

"A cloud surcharged with lightning is not so unwelcome a sight to you, as a cloud of tobacco smoke."

"It is not, indeed; for, in the first there is majesty, but the latter, to me, speaks of a heart and mind impaired, except as in the case of Robert Hall, a diseased system requires it. How low must be that state of moral and intellectual feeling which needs resort to tobacco for impulse or enjoyment. Live to gratify an appetite, morbid or healthy, is a despicable principle to every noble mind, but, upon no other principle can the use of tobacco be advo-

cated. It is giving a preference to the low and mortal part of our natures."

"You are right, Iseula, and I am extremely sorry if Artemon has returned to that vicious practice. His manifest improvement since he quit it, for he was beginning to look robust and healthy, and his former ill health and low spirits, I should suppose, would have deterred him from its use forever."

"It is a terrible habit. Did you ever know any one permanently to forsake it?"

"O, yes," said Mr. Cosna, "very many; generally, they have been men of strong minds and tender consciences. Occasionally, ill health has broken the habit. There is Mr. Fortis, a very fleshy gentleman, who quit the use of it several years ago. Many thought that tobacco was indispensable in his case, to keep his flesh from being intolerably burdensome. But while *he* is no more fleshy than when he used tobacco, Mr. Firmitas, who was merely a walking skeleton, while he used it, is now robust and healthy. There is Mr. Hilaritas, 'Uncle Isaac,' as every body calls him, a very pleasant good-natured man, cracking his jokes and receiving them from every body who can be put into good humor with themselves by it, has left it off as often as any body," said Mr. Cosna, smiling. "He always treats resolution after a few days. Most people leave it off as he does, though not quite so often. However, his excellent and intelligent wife will, I believe, finally prevail on him to

quit it. I have recently seen accounts of many who have been induced to quit the practice, by reading what is written* on the subject, so do not despair, Iseula."

On a beautiful September evening of 1826, the wealth and flower of the city were seen rolling to the house of Mr. Cosna. The event about to be consummated seemed very generally to interest the community. No young lady was more universally esteemed than Iseula Cosna, and no man had a higher reputation for intellectual and moral worth than Horatius Milligan. That evening, their interests were united. Prosperity has ever since attended them, and never did their sun shine more gloriously than at present.

From the moment that Mr. Wells returned to his tobacco, his health began rapidly to fail. He had a complication of diseases. His tongue was constantly furred, and coated so thick with foul matter, from a disordered and feverish stomach, that he scraped it off every morning. His nervous system became astonishingly deranged. His confidence and courage forsook him entirely. He could not endure the sight of a court-house, and would tremble at the thought of appearing before a dozen people to

* Two volumes have recently been published on this subject, by Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, N. Y., viz., "The Mysteries of Tobacco," and "Responses on the use of Tobacco," by Rev. B. J. Lane.

address them. But his habit was stronger than death. As the lassitude and ailments occasioned by tobacco indisposed him for business; his particular friends even, became indisposed to trust their business with him. His property for many years had been decreasing, and, by various misfortunes, the consequence of inattention to business, he was now nearly reduced to poverty. He used no intoxicating drinks. No one could lay a crime to his charge. In the beginning of his course he was worth a handsome property—was highly educated, and possessed a kind and generous disposition, yet he was as really the victim of a vicious habit, as if that habit had been the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. He might have written his name on the minds and hearts of his generation. In his literary and benevolent achievements, he might have reared an imperishable monument to his fame. But alas, how different and melancholy is the result of all his splendid natural endowments and brilliant literary attainments.

That his mind was essentially impaired, had been observed by all his friends, for a considerable length of time. He was taciturn and retiring; could retain nothing in his memory for a day. He was occasionally irritable, most of the time stupid, and seemed to think of nothing but his pipe. Many fears were entained concerning him. On the evening of October 26, 1831, pistols were heard discharged in his room, and immediately a heavy fall

His room was instantly entered, and there lay poor Wells, lifeless, on the floor. His head was shattered excessively. He meant to make sure work of it. He had discharged the two pistols, one at each temple.

On his table were found two letters, one addressed to his sister, and the other to Mrs. Iseula Milligan, with an urgent request that their contents might not be divulged.

CHAPTER V.

"NICOTINE, a peculiar principle obtained from tobacco, is a most deadly poison."

"Can you tell me how that is obtained?" said I to Mr. Packenham.

"The following process," said he, "is adopted for obtaining it in a state of purity. Boil twelve ounces of dry tobacco leaves in water acidulated with sulphuric acid; evaporate and treat the extract with alcohol diluted with a ninth part of water; add a little water to the solution, and distill; add hydrate of lime to the aqueous residuum, and redistill. The product being mixed and agitated with ether, the latter is to be poured off, and a fresh portion added. All the ethereous solutions are to be united, and put in contact with muriate of lime, which will take away the water; and the concentrated ethereous solution, being eva-

porated or distilled, will leave one hundred grains of reddish nicotine. It is liquid at 21° Fahrenheit; its odor resembles that of dry tobacco; its taste is very acrid, burning and durable. It is denser than water, volatilizes in the air, and boils at 417° Fahrenheit. It dissolves in water, in all proportions, and the solution has an alkaline reaction. When dissolved in alcohol or ether, and exposed to heat, it does not distill with their vapors. Acids take the nicotine from the ethereous solution, and form salts insoluble in ether."*

Whoever uses tobacco, takes into his mouth a proportion of this deadly poison, and were it not for its cathartic properties and its powerfully exciting the salivary glands, so that it is purged from the system, it would produce instant death.

On my remarking that an astonishing quantity of tobacco was used, and that it was a very considerable article of commerce and manufacture,—

"Let me," said he, "read you the remarks of an author, who, as he treats the subject merely as a scholar, cannot be supposed to have a pique against it.

"The introduction of the use of tobacco forms a singular chapter in the history of mankind, and it may well excite astonishment that the discovery in America of a nauseous and poisonous weed, of an acrid taste and disagree-

* Enc. Amer vol. ix. p. 284.

able odor, in short, whose only properties are deleterious, should have had so great an influence on the social condition of all nations; that it should have become an article of most extensive commerce; and that its culture should have spread more rapidly than that of the most useful plants. At the time of the discovery of America, tobacco was in frequent use among the Indians, and the practice of smoking was common to almost all the tribes, and they pretended to cure a great variety of diseases by this plant. Its introduction into the eastern continent, was every where marked with ridicule and persecution. The book written against it by James I. is well known; but a hundred others, of the same character, were published in various languages. Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated those who took tobacco in churches; the empress Elizabeth also prohibited its use in churches. In Transylvania, an ordinance was published, in 1689, threatening those who should plant tobacco, with the confiscation of their estates. The grand-duke of Moscow, and the king of Prussia forbade its use, under the penalty of the loss of the nose, and even of death. At present, the aspect of affairs is so much changed, that all the sovereigns of Europe, and most of those of other parts of the world, derive a considerable part of their revenue from tobacco. The plant is glutinous, and covered with a very short down; the stem upright, four or five feet high, and branches; the leaves are alternate, sessile, oval-

oblong, and entire on the margin; the superior ones lanceolate; the flowers are disposed in a terminal panicle; the tube of the corolla long, inflated towards the summit, and dividing into five acute, angular, spreading lobes of a rose color. It was originally a native of South America. Another species (*N. rustica*) is very common, but is less esteemed, and is distinguished by the short yellowish green corolla. *N. quadrivalvis* is cultivated by the Indians of Missouri, and furnishes tobacco of excellent quality. The best Havana cigars are made from the leaves of *N. repanda.* Other species of tobacco are found in Mexico and South America. One has been discovered in China, and another in New Holland. This genus belongs to the natural family *Solaneæ.* This popular narcotic is probably in more extensive use than any other, and its only rival is the betel of the East. According to Linnæus, it was known in Europe from 1560, when seeds of it were sent from Portugal to Catherine de Medici, by Nicot, the French ambassador in that country, from whom it received its botanical name. The common notion, that the specific appellation, *tobacco*, was derived from its having been imported from Tombago, is now universally admitted to be without foundation. Humboldt has shown that *tobacco* was the term used in the Haytien language to designate the pipe or instrument employed by the natives in smoking the herb; which term, having been transferred, by the Spaniards, from the

pipe to the herb itself, has been adopted by other nations. Others there are, who suppose that the weed was dedicated to Bacchus, and has taken its name from the Greek τω Βακχω, (to Bakcho.) This seems very probable, when its moral influence is considered.

"Tobacco is believed to have been first introduced into England by the settlers, who returned in 1586, from the colony which it had been attempted to found in Virginia, under the auspices of Raleigh. Harriot says, that the English, during the time they were in Virginia, and after their return home, were accustomed to smoke it, after the manner of the natives. Raleigh and other young men of fashion, adopted and introduced the practice into England, and it rapidly spread among the English, as it had previously done among the Portuguese, Spaniards and French. During the reign of George III., the practice of smoking, which had previously been exceedingly prevalent, went out of fashion, and was nearly superseded, among the higher and middle classes, by that of snuff-taking. Latterly, however, smoking has been revived in that country. The practice of smoking has become so general, especially in Holland and Germany, that it constitutes a daily luxury with nearly all the peasantry of those countries, as well as with the more wealthy and indolent classes of inhabitants. Tobacco is a powerful narcotic, and also a strong stimulant, and, taken internally, even in small doses, it proves powerfully

emetic and purgative. The oil is celebrated for its extreme virulence, and, when applied to a wound, is said, by Redi, to be as fatal as the poison of a viper. The decoction, powder and smoke, are used in agriculture to destroy insects."

This account, given in the Encyclopedia Americana, is very mild. It is not the writer's object to give its medical properties, nor its deleterious influence when used as a luxury, yet this account of it would seem sufficient to deter men from its use. It probably destroys as many lives every year as alcohol, if we consider its indirect as well as its direct influence. For a clear and full account of this pernicious weed, let me recommend to you, two works recently published in New-York, "The Mysteries of Tobacco," and "Responses on the use of Tobacco."

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE is nothing like trying," is a trite but valuable saying. The youth who adopts it as a principle, and acts upon it through life, will accomplish great things. It is certain that he never will be a slave to any habit, and never will sit down in despondency under any difficulties. This lesson, taught Bruce, by a spider, secured him his crown. Nothing should tempt a man to despair. It is indeed

puerile and shameful for a man to yield to the power of any habit, and plead an inability to rise above it, or to break away from it. *Trying*, with a firm purpose, will enable a man to conquer habits, and conquer poverty, and conquer infamy. It was trying, that made Demosthenes an orator, and Napoleon an emperor, and Crœsus rich.

With these remarks let me introduce to you Fronto Saunders. He was of a good family, well educated, had a strong, well built frame, and a countenance peculiarly intelligent, expressive and pleasant. He opened a dry-goods store when he was twenty two, with a capital of about three thousand dollars. He had served four years as clerk with the very prosperous firm of Underwald & Co. His want of success in business was neither the result of his not understanding it, nor was it from any repulsiveness in his manner of dealing with his customers. He was graceful and winning in his intercourse with all classes of society. His fault lay not here.

He trusted, indeed, too much to his clerks, and after a year or two was generally absent from his store a large portion of his time. This was the result of his inordinate love of smoking. He could not, without great detriment to his goods and business, smoke in his store, and this occasioned, what was an equal detriment to his business, his spending much time in those places where smoking was allowable.

Excessive smoking, or using tobacco in any manner, is injurious to a man of business, not only as it occupies a portion of his time, but, also, as it occasions a lassitude and many ills which seem to require relaxation, and it creates, like alcohol, a dreamy competence which renders a laborious attention to business unnecessary.

The question was frequently asked, but was as frequently unanswered, "What is the reason that Mr. Saunders does not thrive in his business? He is a fine fellow and excepting that he is a little too frequently absent from his store, no one can fault him." None thought of his tobacco.

In all other respects his habits were correct and proper. He was a constant attendant at church, and was a teacher in the Sabbath School. He was pained that the members of his class always seemed so distant. He labored to win their affections, but the more he attempted to make himself familiar, by drawing near to them, or taking them to his side, the more they appeared to recoil from his touch, and were ever disposed to draw away from him. He did not understand it, but concluded that 'he did not know how to manage children.' Could he have heard the little fellows at home he would have understood the cause.

"Mamma," said Paulus Rideus, one morning, as he was bidden to prepare for Sabbath School, "I love Mr. Saunders, he is so pleasant, but I wish I could belong to some other class."

"Why," said his mother, "if you love Mr. Saunders, do you wish to leave his class?"

"O mamma," said the little fellow, "because his breath smells so bad. He smokes so much, I can't bear to have him put his head near me."

"Irene," said Mr. Sharp to his daughter one evening, after Mr. Saunders had been making a call, "I hope you will guard well that susceptible heart of yours. As you have never felt any thing but bland breezes, I suppose that you think there are no other. But let me tell you that poverty is like a rough and piercing wind, and doubly blighting, when it is hopelessly entailed, as it must be, where a man has sunk a fortune, with every facility for increasing it."

"What does father mean?" said Irene.

"I mean that I do not admire Mr. Saunders. He is a pleasant and fine looking man, but I don't like his habits. He is astonishingly inattentive to his business. He had rather see a good cigar than a good customer, any time; and he is much more attentive to the former than he is to the latter. I fear, and I am not alone in it, that he will be out 'the little end of the horn' before long."

"I wish," said Irene, "that some kind friend would speak to him about his smoking so much. It is a pity that a man so very agreeable as he is, should make himself so very offensive. His clothes smell as if they had been steeped in tobacco smoke. I cannot endure to sit near him."

"I am glad he smokes then, if that will keep him at his proper distance from my family. He will never make any thing in the world, mark my word," said Mr. Sharp.

About this time, Mr. Saunders visited Mr. Jones in the village of A. It was not far from a year before the marriage of the latter. They were, and had been intimate acquaintances from the time of our first meeting in 1811. Saunders was much impressed with the difference between him and Jones, and the change that seemed rapidly taking place in their fortunes. Jones began the world poor, and he was now worth several thousands, and was universally respected and beloved: whereas he had commenced business with several thousands, and was now very much reduced. Indeed nothing but the lenity of his creditors kept him from immediate bankruptcy."

"Mr. Jones," said Saunders, "I wish I could leave the city and obtain a good situation in the country. It must be owing to that, I think, that you have been so much more prosperous than myself."

"No, sir, you are mistaken," said Jones, "it is not owing to that in the least, and certainly it is not because I have a better business tact than you, for no man can do a more prosperous business than yourself, if you have a mind to attend to it."

"To what then is it owing? There is to me some mystery about it."

"There is none to me," said Jones; "you re-

collect the evening we spent together in 1811, when Packenham gave us a lecture on tobacco, and I threw my cigar into the fire, solemnly protesting that I never would use tobacco any more."

"I do, and I thought you a foolish fellow to cut yourself off from such a source of innocent enjoyment."

"Well, sir, the ashes of that cigar were the seeds of my prosperity: but for the events of that evening, with the heavy expenses I have had to sustain, I am satisfied, that this day I should not be worth a dollar."

"I thought that evening, that Packenham had fired you with his enthusiasm, and I perceive that it is still burning."

"No enthusiasm about it. It is a plain case."

"If you can make that out, you ought to have been a lawyer; at least you would have succeeded well for your clients, whether their cause were good or bad."

"I possess no great ability at speech-making, nor do I need such ability to satisfy even you, that I have spoken the truth in soberness, without a spark of enthusiasm."

"Well, sir, let me hear you. Perhaps this visit will lay the foundation of a fortune for me," said Saunders smiling.

"It will indeed," said Jones, "if you adopt the course I did under the remarks of our friend Packenham. In the first place then, I am fully satisfied that my constitution would have sunk under the use of tobacco. I should

have been more dyspeptic than yourself, and must therefore have neglected my business. Ill health is a great tax upon a man's purse as well as his enjoyment. Whatever tends to produce health, tends as a consequence to produce wealth. From that evening to this time, I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, while all the tobacco consumers around me are complaining perpetually. Then I have saved several years *time* during the last fifteen, by not using the cigar, which time I have strictly devoted to my business. A man cannot smoke much without neglecting his business some. Then to make my story short, allow me to ask, how much has it cost you per day, for cigars, for the last fifteen years?"

"Well, I smoke nothing but the best of Spanish; I have acquired such a taste for them that I cannot endure any others. When I buy by the box, they cost me two dollars per hundred. I buy a great many for which I give three cents apiece. Generally I smoke from six to eight per day, and give away from three to four. I never made a cast upon it before, but I perceive it has cost me not far from eighteen pence per day."

"You see by this statement that you have smoked away a larger fortune during the last fifteen years than I now possess: for if it has cost you eighteen pence per day, and I presume it has, if you have averaged smoking seven and have given away two per day, and as I know your generous nature, I have no doubt

you have given away double that number; nine cigars at two cents apiece would amount to eighteen cents, and for many you pay three, sufficient to make the pence; *that sum at annual interest will amount in fifteen years to about five thousand dollars.*"

"I believe that you are right, and I confess that I am startled at the fact. It is surprising that I never thought of it before. Half of that sum now would put all my creditors into good humor with me."

"The thought occurred to me," continued Mr. Jones, "under our friend Packenham's remarks, that it was costing me not far from one shilling per day for cigars, for I consumed from three to four at three cents apiece. I resolved therefore that I would quit the use of tobacco, and lay up, at least, that amount of money every day. That I have done, and that is nearly all I have succeeded in doing. One shilling a day at annual interest will amount to about three thousand dollars in fifteen years. My property at a fair valuation is worth only four thousand dollars, so that I have gained only one thousand over the saving from my tobacco. You commenced business with about three thousand, the expenses of cigars for fifteen years at one shilling per day."

Mr. Saunders took his pencil and figured. He was astonished. His emotions were mingled—he felt surprise, regret, shame, and a rising purpose to commence life anew. He

raised his head, after being bowed for a few minutes.

"I see," said he, "the world is made of particles, and the ocean of drops. You have had a small stream running into your coffer, and I have had a small stream running out of mine. The result is, you are rich and I am poor. This strikes me as a singular affair."

"You see I have made out my case," said Mr. Jones, "without the display of any such genius as would have made me a promising lawyer."

Mr. Saunders took his cigar from his mouth and held it up, fixing his eye upon it in deep thought, and pouring a wire stream of blue smoke, for a moment, from his lips, which were moving in a manner that indicated the working of his mind; he then gave utterance to the following parody—

"To smoke, or not to smoke? This is the question:—
Whether 'tis better in the purse to bear
The plagues and torments of a smoking head,
Or to take arms against destructive habits,
And by opposing end them?

"I will take up arms," said he. "I confess, Mr. Jones, you have made a convert of me. There is no coal fire here in which to plant it, but I say as you did, *There goes my cigar*," throwing it into the street, in a manner which spoke the firmness of his purpose, "and never again in any form will I use tobacco. I know it will cost me a tremendous struggle; but

would tobacco save me from death, I would hardly consent to use it again. It is clear to my mind that the rascally stuff has nearly ruined me. I will save, at least, my shilling a day," said he, smiling.

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Jones, "on the achievement of a glorious victory, and let me say to you," he added, "in a low and encouraging voice, "that if the loan of a thousand dollars will be of service to enable you to overcome your present embarrassment, I can let you have it."

A tear started in Saunders's eye. The loan was effected.

It is now nearly twenty years since the interview of which I am speaking; and you wish to know the result. I will be brief. In the first place, his health was perfectly restored. In a letter received from him some time afterwards, he says,—

"Three years have already passed since I quit the use of tobacco, and I can say with the blind man, I was sick, I am well; I was weak, I am strong; I was dejected, I am full of hope; the world was dark, it is now bright. In a word, I am entirely cured; disease has fled and nature triumphed over its ravages, and for all the gold tobacco ever got, I would not return to its use. I was nearly destroyed by it. When I look back upon the past, it seems as if I had narrowly escaped from a most cruel and powerful foe, who, long ere this, would have consigned me to the grave. I formerly

thought that tobacco yielded a degree of pleasure; but I now see that its fruit was misery, and nothing else. I am vastly happier, as well as more healthy without it. The amount of life and health that is destroyed by it is truly astonishing. Yet the world is asleep in relation to it, and will not believe a word that is said of its poisonous properties and its deleterious influence."

In a short time, Mr. Saunders was free from debt. His business increased in proportion to his attention to it, which was unremitting. He was exceedingly affable and pleasing, as well as upright and conscientious in his dealing, and as he was now generally found at his business, his store was crowded. The change in his attention to his business was noticed by all, though but few understood the cause. Mr. Sharp was astonished, and soon came to the conclusion that he had been deceived respecting him, and concluded that he was a very promising and prosperous business man. Irene Sharp was not offended at sitting near him; the disagreeable odor from his clothes had fled with his tobacco; and it is now many years since, with her father's cordial approbation, she took the name of Mrs. Saunders. On her marriage, Mr. Sharp gave his daughter a fine house, beautifully located and well furnished. Independently of property received by his wife, Mr. Saunders has accumulated a property of some ten thousand dollars. He occupies a high station in society, and sustains a reputa-

tion that any man may be proud of. If you speak to him on the subject of tobacco, you will instantly see the fire of enthusiasm kindle in his eye; and he will assure you that he owes all his present happiness to that kind Providence which led him to throw away his cigar. He never speaks to a young man on the subject, who is addicted to the habit, without a tear.

CHAPTER VII.

It is with reluctance that I approach the subject of this chapter. Yet there was a time when I was proud to introduce him as my friend. He is like a stately edifice in ruins, exhibiting only some faint traces of its former greatness. He is the son of the late Doctor Walch, a distinguished physician of N——. Evander was the only child of a first wife, and by the death of his grandfather, Gen. Asherton, he came in possession of a property of fifteen thousand dollars. The prospects of no one of that company, which I have introduced to your notice, were so flattering, at the time of our meeting, as Evander's. He was a noble specimen of human nature. His heart was as large as his means, and his mind as noble as his heart. A little above the ordinary stature, he is of a dark complexion, black eyes, high

and expansive forehead, and a countenance which in his early manhood bespoke a capacious and intelligent soul. He has a finished education, and was trained to the profession of the law. He moved principally in the first class of society, to which his parentage and connections naturally introduced him.

At an early age he became an ardent lover of that weed which has done more towards peopling the grave, than any other article in use among men, except alcohol; and vastly more than alcohol itself, in any *one* of its mixtures, such as beer, wine, rum, brandy, or gin. Then, was it not for tobacco, old King Alcohol would be shorn of half his strength; it is his principal recruiting officer. Banish tobacco from common use, and few would be inclined to use alcoholic drinks, and those who do, would, after being quit of tobacco, soon acquire strength to resist the inclination.

Evander's use of tobacco soon led him to the free use of intoxicating liquors. He felt that he needed something to raise nature to its wonted tone, from which it had been depressed by his incessant use of tobacco, both in smoking and chewing. He never has attended, but very little, to business, as he thought his fortune in possession and his fortune in prospect amply sufficient to support him in a style becoming his station, without it. Finding an abundant leisure, and plenty of means, he became increasingly fond of pleasure, and felt a consequent growing distaste for every thing

which did not tend immediately to promote it. The exhausting influence of his cigars,—and he was seldom without one in his mouth,—rendered some stimulus necessary to revive him, and the excitement of the spirits again called for the narcotic influence of tobacco. They reciprocally operated upon each other.

I have repeatedly labored, with all the warmth of friendship, to persuade him to quit these destructive habits, but in vain. Mr. Jones has repeatedly visited him for the same purpose, and twice succeeded in getting him to sign the temperance pledge; but his tobacco, which he would not quit, soon led him back again to his cups. His friends, who would be in ecstacy to see him quit intoxicating drinks, encourage his use of tobacco, as they think he cannot leave the use of both, for he would have no source of enjoyment left. He is more of a philosopher himself, and says, that his experience and observation have taught him that to get quit of his cups, he must get quit of his tobacco, but for the latter he pleads an absolute inability.

The general opinion and teachings of temperance men on this subject, tends to most melancholy results. The use of tobacco is not thought to be in itself an evil, nor is it taught, by them, to be necessary to quit its use as a temperance measure. There is not a doubt, in my mind, that very few who sign the temperance pledge would ever fall away, if at the time of their signing it, they also quit the use

of tobacco; and thousands upon thousands more would sign it, if they could first be persuaded to abandon its use.

For several years Evander cherished the hope of becoming connected with the family of Gen. Murdock, a family of great wealth and respectability. The young lady who had his heart was every way worthy of him, if he had been what nature made him; but on account of his habits, the union was deferred. Some ten years since Miss Elcy Murdock took the name of Melville. The gentleman who became possessed of this rich jewel, rich in virtue and accomplishments, as well as wealth, sustains a high and respectable standing in society.

Evander had long been like a noble edifice swayed from its base by some undermining spring, and only waiting some blast of a hurricane, or slight shock of an earthquake, to prostrate it, and such an event was the marriage of Miss Elcy Murdock. It swept away all the nobleness that remained of him. He plunged into the business of gambling, and other vices; and his fortune, which was nearly consumed before, was soon blown away as 'the chaff of the summer threshing floor.' He is now the mere shadow of a man,—ruined, absolutely ruined in body, mind, and estate. It is enough to make angels weep, to witness such ruin of physical and intellectual greatness.

Had the tobacco reform progressed with the

reform from ardent spirits, he might have been saved, or, even now, there might be a spark of hope. As it is, there is none. The power of the temperance pledge has been tried upon him again and again. Every means as yet employed, has been as weak as 'the green withs' upon the hands of Samson. You may now see him hanging about the lowest haunts of vice, a bloated, miserable creature,—one of the noblest works of God a debased, degraded being,—the image of God changed into the image of corruption,—an intellect akin to angels, grovelling among filth,—a noble, capacious soul buried in a heap of polluted flesh. This is the work of tobacco. Any unprejudiced mind must see it. The foundation of his ruin was laid in the use of tobacco, and by its use the topstone of his infamy is brought forth with *shame*, *shame* unto it. It is a mighty achievement of this dreadful foe. I never think of him but I weep, and when I look at the apathy of the community on this subject I am in an agony.

"Such was his narrative, and communicated with a fervor and earnestness which told the strength of his feelings. I am surprised that my attention never has been turned to this subject before. It is as clear as day, to me, that tobacco is a most fruitful source of evil. In the account which he gave, you perceive that two buildings with a large amount of property were destroyed by cigars; one building greatly

damaged and one individual killed by the fire of his cigar coming in contact with a keg of powder, and many other lives endangered; the death of two others was caused indirectly by smoking and chewing; one of the noblest of men debased and degraded to the lowest extreme; several fortunes consumed by the use of tobacco, and two fortunes made by quitting it, besides my friend Packenham, who likewise says that he regards his early breaking from the destructive habit, the most fortunate incident of his life. You no doubt cease to be surprised that *I have thrown away my cigar*. Perhaps I may yet attain, by saving a shilling a day, to as great a degree of prosperity as Mayor Jones," said he, smiling.

"I most sincerely thank you, James, for repeating this interesting narrative of events. Circumstances have occurred to me, as you have progressed, fully confirming all his statements. If young men, like you and me, should do no more than save the sixpences, or shillings, that it costs us for cigars, we should be worth a handsome little sum, in twenty or thirty years. I am satisfied that the practice is evil and only evil, and whether I attain to the degree of prosperity which crowns the self-government, industry and character of Mayor Jones, or not," said he, taking out his box of cigars, and showing me five or six packed away for use on his passage up the river,—"There," throwing with an energy, box and

all far away into the Hudson, "THERE GOES MY CIGAR."

In compliance with a common custom, and for the special benefit of those who might otherwise read on, the writer would inform them that, of this volume, this is

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